

100 SSSS-fics: You drive me crazy

by Windfighter

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Summary: She had fallen into a coma, but now she was awake again.
Awake and hungry.

100 SSSS-fics: You drive me crazy

My 12th story for the 100 SSSS-fic challenge, this time inspired by the prompt _Insanity_

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><p>She didn't know what happened. She had fallen into a coma, yes. She remembered that. But after that?<p>

She scratched at the rash covering her body. She couldn't call it a rash anymore. It was blisters, scars, cancer tumours. She didn't know.

She needed food. Yes, she had to have energy, had to eat something. Where were the nurses? Why weren't they there?

"Help... me..."

Her voice not sounding like it used to, it was much darker, much more inaudible. More raspy. She turned over, fell onto the floor. Crawled towards the door and slowly dragged herself up, threw herself towards the door. Barricaded.

She looked around, dragging herself to the other end of the room with two of her arms, scratching her back with the other. The windows, blocked. Large iron bars. She would not be able to go through there.

Something moved in the other bed. She crawled over there. Something living, something fresh. Another comatose patient. Half awake. She dragged herself up onto the bed, her legs slowly starting to work again. Much bigger than she remembered them.

She could almost place the person in the bed. She tilted her head, looked at it. Barely any rash. Still breathing. Barely. Almost dead.

Her teeth grabbed around the person's shoulder, she felt warm liquid fill her mouth. Her teeth stronger than they used to be and she tore the arm off, held the person in place with two arms, shoved the arm into her mouth with the other two. Fresh meat.

"I'm... sorry..."

Her sound even more muffled with the hand sticking out through her teeth. Her hand caressed the person, pulled at it's hair. It fell off.

"so sorry..."

She needed energy to sustain herself, she needed food. She knew this person, didn't know it, had known it before. She tore off it's other arm, bit down on it's stomach, its throat. Warm, sticky liquid everywhere and she licked it off.

So much energy. Her legs jerked. Her whole body jerked. She screamed. The person in the bed no longer breathing. She screamed again, bit its thigh, tore off a large piece of flesh. Her body grew, she ate, she grew. Nothing left, but she wanted more!

She looked at the door again. Barricaded still, but it was the only way out. She threw herself against the door, again, and again, and again. Insanity is doing the same thing over and over and expecting different results and she threw herself at it once more.

The door gave way.

She fell out through it, landed on a table, large wooden poles tearing through her body. She felt them, but didn't feel them. She dragged herself through them, they tore at her body, ripped it. It would heal. She only needed more food. More energy. She dragged herself down the corridor, dragged herself up the stairs, down the stairs. Fell down the elevator shaft. Blood everywhere, but she didn't give it a thought, her mind focused on finding more substance, more energy.

She pulled herself up the shaft, got out. The outer doors barricaded, but so many bodies lying near it. She started eating, when something grabbed her leg, pulled her closer.

"Help... me..."

She attacked, got stuck against the other. Its thoughts inside her head, her thoughts inside its. Slowly their thoughts getting more and more intertwined. They moved as one, as two, as one. Engulfed the bodies inside the house, fused with yet another of their kind. Their thoughts no longer coherent, their voices calling out as one, as two, as three, as four. Growing.

Everyday growing. Then no more growth. No new energy. No new bodies. Just their voices, as one, ringing out into eternity. Inaudible. Barking, growling, hissing. No one to find, no food to eat. They crunched items beneath their weight.

And then winter. Cold. So cold. No energy.

"Help... me..."

"Don't go help me help go"

Basement. Protection, no wind howling down there, no snow. Not warm but warmer. A nest. They had to build a nest. Survive. They had to survive. Food would come.

They knew how, didn't know how, they built it.

Drip... Drip... Drip...

Secure, safe, warm. Sleeping. Not really sleeping. Waiting. It would get warmer again, they remembered. They knew. Instinct.

"Help me kill me help me go"

Sick, hungry, cold. So many thoughts dancing around, none of them coherent. She had fallen into a coma, she had woken up from it.

She wanted to fall back into it.

End
file.